PRESIDENT CARNOT.

I.

HIS PERSONAL CHARACTER AND EXAMPLES OF HIS SERVICES TO FRANCE AS PRESIDENT.

London, June 26.

With the halo of martyrdom about his head the murdered President of the French Republic attains an immortality to which mere criticism has little to say. It is difficult even to attempt a cool judgment of his real character—either of the President or of the man. We have only to remember the emotion which the death of President Garfield caused; an emotion honorable to him and to his country. Some of the more cynical journalists say that little deep feeling is discernible in Paris. It is incredible. One's respect and liking for the French nation make it impossible to believe such an assertion. They owe a tribute to their dead chief. The civilized world owes one, and pays it. Europe knows very well that M. Carnot was a good President; honest, honorable, often wise; a lover of France, but also a lover of peace and of European concord, and doing in the perplexing circumstances of many difficult hours much to secure both, and to put or to keep international relations on a safe footing. A just homage to his memory comes from every quarter of the globe. His name stands, and will always stand, so high that he can well afford to endure a more critical estimate than anybody would yet undertake.

If we look at President Carnot apart from his services to France and his official position he will appear rather a respectable than an interesting figure. He was not picturesque, not impressive, not even sympathetic, in presence of any great company of people. I have seen him in various circumstances; at the opening of the French Exhibition of 1889, at a military review at Versailles, at the Elysée on a great reception night, and elsewhere. You have to imagine to yourself a man rather below medium height, rather well made, rather good-looking, with a face and head of which the lines were regular enough, the eyes and hair and full beard dark, and the prevailing expression or effect of the whole one of immobility. There seemed to be nothing spontaneous about him. Everything was considered and correct. He was correctly dressed, his hair and beard were correctly cut, so were his clothes; and he moved, though there was nothing military about him, with the precision and something of the stiffness of a soldier on parade. There was always a suggestion that he had been taught, or had taught himself, to do the particular thing he was doing. Evidently, he set great store by deportment. He had a high idea of what became the Chief Magistrate of France, and he lived laboriously up to his ideal.

Nobody who ever met him or talked with him, or who came in contact with him in any way, would doubt that he had a perfectly honest character. Rectitude was stamped on his face, every line of it, and his look and bearing testified beyond mistake to his entire uprightness of purpose and of act. He was an honest man in a post which demanded honesty first of all. He would have been perfectly incapable of saying as Disraeli said when a new-comer in the House of Commons was described to him as, among other things, honest:—"Oh, damn his honesty. We've very little use for that sort of thing here." He valued this trait of character in himself and in others. It had, however, one effect on him, and on his "tenue," which is not so uncommon as might be supposed. It led him to think certain things of less consequence than they really were. The Executive of a great nation does not live by honesty alone. He needs other great qualities, force of character, authority, commanding qualities, and the power of impressing himself on others and bending them to his will. It can hardly be said of Carnot that he possessed these. He had, however, firmness, and was extremely difficult to persuade or convince. His mind was not an open one; not flexible, not readily apprehensive of new conditions under which he was sometimes called on rather suddenly to take grave decisions.

He has had, for example, some eight or nine Parliamentary crises to deal with. It was not thought in France or here that he always took the constitutional view of his duties. Statesmen familiar with the theory of Parliamentary Government as practised in most European countries hold it to be the duty of the Head of the State when a Ministry is overthrown to send for the leader of the party by whom it is overthrown and ask him to form a new Ministry. M. Carnot did this sometimes, and sometimes did not. He would never send for M. Clemenceau. It is hard to blame him. Perhaps it is not necessary to blame him. He felt, and I think rightly felt, that M. Clemenceau was a danger to the State, and he preferred to disregard strict theories of constitutional and Parliamentary law rather than make a Socialistic Radical President of the Council. It was quite useless to tell him that the surest way to use up M. Clemenceau was to ask him to form a Ministry; to explain that it was doubtful whether he would succeed, and to assure him that if he succeeded it was certain his Ministry would be short-lived. That was not M. Carnot's way of looking at things. It seemed to him safer to keep the Extremist outside. He did not care to recognize the Reds as a party in the country or their leader as within the pale of Ministerial politics. And so, while M. Clemenceau was the greatest figure in the Chamber, the unmaker if not the maker of Ministry after Ministry, the portfolio of President of the Council remained beyond his grasp.

The result was to alter the balance of powers in the Constitution. Parliamentary Government, as understood elsewhere in Europe, was superseded at times by Presidential Government; or, if not superseded, modified. The Chamber of Deputies became a less power and the President a greater power than was intended. It was a slight, though only a slight, approach to the American system. But the American system is one thing and the Parliamentary system another, and the two cannot be worked together. M. Carnot never made an attempt to carry on with a Ministry which had lost the confidence of the Chamber. He regarded a hostile vote of the Chamber as a sentence of death upon the Ministry at which it had been aimed. He could not do otherwise. But he shrunk from the logical consequence when the logical consequence was M. Clemenceau. After a time Panama and M. Cornelius Herz saved him all further trouble with the rather too enterprising leader of the Left.

Equally narrow was M. Carnot's view in another direction. He conceived of the Republic as a government of the people by a part of the people. No doubt there was a period, and a long period, in the history of the Republican party in France when this was a necessary view. "A Republic without Republicans," was at one moment a true enough description of France, or as true as an epigram ever is. It was long true that the Republicans were in a minority, and true long after Thiers had recommended the Republic as "the form of government which divides us the least." The Republic seemed to exist more by help of the inherent vitality of its principle than by support from without, or than by the loyalty of the French people—and especially French politicians—to the idea. It was a long time before the danger of a recandescence of a Legitimist or Bonapartist majority vanished. Boulangism was its last sputter, and, Boulangism excepted, it may be doubted whether at any time after M. Carnot's election to the Presidency in December, 1887, the danger was very great. But it remained real to him. Among the watchwords or catchwords which took the strongest hold on his mind was "concentration." What that meant was an electoral union of all the Republican groups against all the Legitimist, Orleanist and Bonapartist groups. That policy was steadily carried out, and was successful. The Republican majority in the Chamber grew steadily greater at successive elections until finally it became overwhelming, and the Monarchists themselves saw that the game was up.

Then began the so-called "rallying" movement, a name which almost sounds as if borrowed from American politics. A strong section of the Monarchists "rallied" to the Republic. The Catholics were helped on by the Pope; the Royalists by the absence of a leader, and all by the conviction that the Republic was established and that men who wished to serve their country or cared for a political future had no choice but to accept the Republic. Moreover, it was still to be determined whether the Republic was to be conservative and lasting, or Socialistic, and so go the way of other experiments in anarchy, and the rallied Royalists were of course Conservative. They were ready to join hands with the Opportunists or Moderates; the body of which M. Carnot himself was in a sense the leader.

But to all this he was blind, or, if not blind, his prejudices were too inveterate to be overcome. He would have nothing to say to the rallied. He clung to concentration. He seemed really to believe that it was not only possible but for the interest of the Republic that it should be run by a party. He repelled the men who were ready to support it. Nobody was more alive than he was, as he showed again and again, to the dangers of Radicalism; of Socialistic Radicalism above all. But he was haunted by the spectre of Royalism. He had seen it looking over his shoulder, and to him, long after most men perceived that it had been laid to rest, it remained a living and terrible thing, with infinite capacity for mischief. The decrease of the Royalist minority of deputies and the very marked and alarming increase of Socialist deputies at the last election may have taught him a lesson, but if so, too late to be of use. He had, no doubt, a kind of patient sagacity, but not much foresight, not much statesmanship save of that negative kind for which timidity is another name, and which, by force of clinging to what is, in dread of what may be, comes to be known as Conservatism.

If ever President Carnot's caution served him in good stead it was during the Panama crisis. There can be no doubt that he was struck at through Panama, and that a concerted attempt to discredit the Republic by discrediting the chief pillars of the Republic was then made. Intriguers of more parties than one were concerned in that ignoble cabal. There was a moment when it looked as if it might succeed, and when, if the attack on the President had come to anything, the whole fabric of government might have crumbled. Then, not for the first time but more clearly than ever, the value of M. Carnot's spotless integrity became clear. It is often the case in France,—it has been so for more than a hundred years—that suspicion does the work of proof. The readiness of the French to believe ill of each other is a stain upon their national character and upon the race, but it is a trait which ever since the Revolution has passed from the atmosphere of courts, where it was bred, into the life of the people. Let loose a calumny and it will run its course. Few are the men who can stand against it. M. Carnot was one. He had been already for five years a target for the poisonous malevolence of the most licentious press in the world. Yet so complete was the conviction of his uprightness that scandal was a useless weapon against him, and Messrs. Drumont and Detaille and their confederates perceived that they must allege something in the nature of evidence if they were to shake the popular belief in the President. They produced what they had and it was nothing. It was instantly confuted, though it needed no confuting, and when this had collapsed Paris stood waiting breathless for what was to follow. People could not believe the danger over, or that a conspiracy so infamous had been hatched out of such rotten eggs as these. But there was nothing more. The Republic was safe, and it was the stainless and unstainable name of its Chief Magistrate which had been the salvation of the State. He has rendered many other services to France, great services which will live in his memory. But this was greatest of all.

G. W. S.

II.

THE DOMESTIC SIDE—LIFE AT THE ELYSEE—ENGLISH VIEWS OF THE PRESIDENT AND OF THE ASSASSINATION.

London, June 27.

What the French liked in President Carnot was what the English like in the Queen: the domestic side of his life. He was a good husband and a good father. The domestic circle at the Elysee was known to be a happy one. The English will probably continue to believe to the end of time that the French have no homes and that family ties are weaker in France than here. The contrary is nevertheless true, and it was pre-eminently true in the case of the Carnot family. His household was well ordered. His servants liked him. He was considerate to his staff, to the officials with whom he came in contact; to everybody.

His immense elevation never turned his head, and I don't know that there is a better proof of his solidity of character than that. Human nature is but too susceptible to these uplifting influences. Nothing is more common than to see a man raised, and especially if he be suddenly raised, to a great post, intoxicated by promotion. To the occupants of all such posts there comes necessarily a certain amount of deference; often of adulation. It is openly shown. The man has not been accustomed to it. He forgets to compute how large a part of it is shown to the office and how little is meant for the man. His predecessor had it, and much the same sort of homage will be offered with the same outward marks of respect to his successor, and to the successor who shall come after him, and so on. Yet the individual who for the time being happens to bear the title is flattered and apt to think some exceptional honor is shown to him individually.

Not so M. Carnot, although his election to the Presidency of the Republic, beyond question one of the most splendid positions in the world, lifted him out of something very like obscurity. He was a compromise candidate. He owed his election on that memorable afternoon of the 3d of December at Versailles, to the irreconcilable rivalry between M. Jules Ferry and M. de Freycinet, each of whom succeeded in making the success of the other impossible. True, M. Carnot had been twice Minister, but almost everybody in France has been Minister. He was the Franklin Pierce of French politics. The Radicals, however, were the immediate instruments of his elevation. They not only hated, but dreaded Jules Ferry. They saw in him, and rightly, the incarnation of the principle of authority. He would have been King Stork; they wanted King Log and they picked out M. Carnot for that part. They wanted a weak President whom they could mould to their own purposes, or, failing that, cajole or bully. Bitterly were they disappointed when they found that they had mistaken their man and that Carnot, though he might lack initiative and many other things, had an abundance of that quiet courage and unbending sense of duty which were so well fitted to baffle the enemies of the Government.

Neither abroad nor at home did President Carnot excite enthusiasm. It was not his mission in life to set pulses beating at fever heat. Nobody thought of him as a great President or a great popular leader, or as one of those men who sometimes gather up a great State in the hollow of the hand and launch it at some other Power, or take the lead in a crusade. If he had been a man of any one of those types, he would still have found himself curiously hampered by the Constitution under which he held office. A President of the French Republic has not a little of the power of a President of the United States. He is, to a very large extent, ornamental. He has to represent the Republic. It is an odd variation upon official duties but it is quite true that one part of his business was to make progresses from time to time through the country, and to visit great cities or important political centres. It was upon such an errand as this that he met his death; dying, as the German Emperor said, like a soldier on the battle field. The German Emperor is somewhat too prone to flourish his sword in the faces of mankind, and the military metaphor has its dangers, but on this occasion the Emperor said well, and the military metaphor was apt.

President Carnot's life at the Elysée has been much and deservedly praised. He had the good fortune to succeed M. Grévy, whose parsimony had become a by-word long before the Wilson scandal drove him from office. M. Grévy, already a rich man, became richer by his meanness. He had a large sum allotted him for hospitalities and social ceremonies and other expenses of what the French call "representation," much of which he put into his own well-filled pocket. M. Carnot reformed that. He entertained freely and gave freely. It has been said rather loosely since his death that he and Mme. Carnot had succeeded in making the Palace of the Elysée a social headquarters. It was hardly that. The Faubourg St. Germain and the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré remained still a long way apart. If anybody of great position accomplished the journey from the one to the other, the fact was noted and commented on. The tastes of neither the President nor his wife led them to compete with the social exclusiveness of the old aristocracy, nor to care very much, perhaps, whether they remained exclusive or not. He may have undervalued the political efficacy of social authority. He and his wife belonged to the upper middle class—the class out of which comes most that is best and most fruitful in modern life.

There was, indeed, something Democratic about the hospitalities of the Elysée. When the wife of the English Foreign Minister issues 2,500 invitations to a reception on the Queen's Birthday, the limits of the gregarious are thought to have been reached. But the invitations to a reception at the Elysée have been known to exceed 6,000. It is a spacious Palace, though the corridors are rather narrow, but hardly spacious enough to give 6,000 guests ample room for circulation; or for the dance which follows. In one point it was not Democratic. Certain rooms were set apart for diplomatists and other distinguished personages. Into these the Democracy might not penetrate, and there were occasionally signs that they resented their exclusion. They need not have resented it. The diplomatists were packed almost as tightly as the rest. Diplomatists and Democracy had, moreover, the same reception from the President and Mme. Carnot. The patience of the Presidential host and hostess was admirable and so was their evident effort to convey to each unit of these thronging thousands, personally unknown, most of them, the impression that he or she was welcome, and that their coming on such an occasion was a personal favor. The French passion for equality was gratified to the full. It was impossible that these huge crushes should be what was called brilliant. They had a better use. They gave pleasure to those whom they were intended to please. And they afforded an excellent opportunity to the American on her travels to see how badly Frenchwomen of the middle class can dress when they try.

What has been said in England of the murder and of the victim of this latest Anarchist outrage has been, for the most part, well said. The indignation is genuine, the respect for President Carnot is general and profound, the sympathy with France is genuine. On the whole, one might hope that it would promote a better feeling on the part of France toward England, and lessen the animosity which the French cherish and which of late has been growing more bitter, more explosive, more dangerous. The demonstration of English good will does seem to make an impression. One can only hope it will be lasting.

The only two English papers which go into mourning are the "Chronicle" and the "Sun." They are the two whose teachings do most to promote the spirit which has expressed itself in the assassination of the President of the French Republic at Lyons. They are the two chief organs of Socialism, of discontent with things as they are, of the attack on society, of the attack on property. However, I am not a frequent reader of the "Sun" and it may be I have chanced on days when it is more violent than usual. Let us leave the "Sun" out of the question.

But about the "Chronicle" there can be no mistake. This paper deserves all the thanks of the violent, whether they call themselves Anarchists or not. It is not an open champion of Anarchy, nor I suppose, consciously, a champion at all. But between the doctrines of the Collectivist organ and the doctrines and practice of Anarchy there is an unbroken chain, from which not a link is missing. It is but the distance, the road yet to be travelled, which makes the connection seem remote. Of course it condemns the murder of President Carnot, and condemns it in terms all the stronger for the lurking suspicions of unwilling complicity which must haunt the minds of its conductors and writers. In a day or two the momentarily dammed up waters of Socialistic rhetoric will again break loose in their usual turbid flood. Yet even in their lament for a murdered President are strange gleams of sympathy for his assassin or for the cause which that assassin represents. We are asked to contrast the murder of the head of a free State with that of a despot. The two murders have "little in common," says the "Journal." From which it appears we are to infer that if one be hateful the other is commendable, or to say the least, less hateful. Says the amazing "Chronicle":

No one is much surprised when prolonged suffering of the people results in the murder of an absolute tyrant.

The form of the sentence is cautious; the thought in the mind of the writer is only too clear. The murder of an absolute tyrant is an incident he could contemplate without surprise, and perhaps without disapproval. I do not wish to strain the meaning beyond what it will bear. I draw the conclusions which I think most readers would draw. If they have any doubts they will probably disappear when, a moment later, this same writer is discovered describing the assassin of President Carnot as a "political opponent!" The differences between the President of the Republic and Santo are political differences; and the dagger is a method of political opposition. Society on the one side,—Anarchy on the other. To most men in their senses the gulf seems impassable. To the "Chronicle" the gap which separates them is merely political, and the crime of the assassin is apparently provoked by the crimes of society against those classes of society which this journal has taken under its wing.

"In this place," says an editorial writer in the "Sun," not T. P., apparently, but some much greater personage with a commission from on high;—"I take the opportunity of conveying to the French Nation the universal feeling of sympathy with which the world, and especially the English-speaking world, views her sorrow and disaster to-day." This is in the large manner; as if the half-penny pink evening paper which utters these sounding sentences were the accredited organ of the English people, and recognized as such in France. The presumption is probably only apparent. It is an attempt, as in the case of the penny morning trumpet of the new Socialism to dissever itself from all connection with that still newer and still more advanced form of Socialism known as Anarchy. That there is a difference between the two we all admit. But it is a difference in degree, not in kind. The Italian Anarchist with a stiletto in his hand at Lyons, and the English Socialist with a pen in his hand in Fleet-st. are two workers in the same cause. That is what we used to be told, and are still told, of the two Irish parties, the physical force party and the Parliamentary party. If it was true of them, it is true also of the Anarchists and Socialists. The Socialists, of course, repel such a suggestion; so, perhaps, do the Anarchists. The former are full of good intentions and especially of good emotions, and they abhor assassination. Their motives need not be impugned. I for one believe them to be excellent, and that the mischief they do is in proportion to the goodness of their motives.

G. W. S.

SWINBURNE'S TRIBUTE TO CARNOT.

From The Nineteenth Century.

Death, winged with fire of hate from deathless hell
Wherein the souls of anarchs hiss and die,
With stroke as dire has cloven a heart as high
As twice beyond the wide sea's westward swell
The living lust of death had power to quell
Through ministry of murderous hands whereby
Dark fate bade Lincoln's head and Garfield's lie
Low even as his who bids his France farewell.

France, now no heart that would not weep with thee
Loved ever faith or freedom. From thy hand
The staff of State is broken: hope, unmanned
With anguish, doubts if freedom's self be free.
The snake-souled anarch's fang strikes all the land
Cold, and all hearts unsundered by the sea.

BEAUTIFUL ANNABEL LEE.

SHE IS A GOOD TALKER AND SOME PEOPLE THINK SHE IS WISER THAN HER YEARS.

This is a story about a parrot, and it is written in the belief, formed after carefully watching the bird and studying her actions, that if she does not actually think, she at least relies upon something more than instinct to govern her actions. Her name is Annabel Lee. She is always called "Poll."

If you say to a parrot that is worth owning, "Polly want a cracker?" Polly will answer, "Polly want a cracker." There is nothing extraordinary in that, for a parrot is a mimic, and it is its nature to imitate the sounds which it hears. But Annabel Lee (who is never called that except when she is introduced) has been taught to make a different reply.

"Polly want a cracker?" you ask.

"Yeth, thir," answers Annabel Lee. Annabel Lee lisps.

Well, that answer may be taught to a parrot, but it ceases to be mimicry, for she learned the "Yeth, thir," long ago, and it is never repeated to her.

Annabel Lee knows how to crow. You need not crow and wait for her to imitate you.

"Crow, Poll," you say, and Annabel lifts her voice and crows in a way that would make the scarlet crest of a barnyard rooster turn green.

The perch which serves for a throne for this gorgeously plumed beauty is carried around the house at the pleasure of the members of the family. Talk to Annabel Lee when she is in the room with you, and she likes it well enough. Forget her, neglect her, pay her no attention at all, and you hurt her feelings. She sits on her perch silent and mournful for a while.

"Hallo!" says Miss Lee, getting tired of too much silence. "Ah there, Joey!"

Joey is the name of a woman. Her relatives, with no appreciation of the beautiful in names, have degraded Joann into "Joe" and "Joey."

The mistress of Annabel Lee is named Frances. This name, of course, has become Fannie. You have heard a woman in the country who has gone into the back yard, looking around for her son, who has disobeyed injunctions and run away to go swimming. She begins to call him. His name is Johnnie. She divides the Johnnie into two parts—"John" and "nie." The "John" she pitches as high as she can pitch it. Then she pitches the "nie" still higher into shrill falsetto. You have all heard it.

"John—n-nieee!" she cries.

When Annabel Lee and her mistress are in a room together and the latter leaves the room unobserved by Annabel, Annabel sooner or later misses her. She looks around in surprise, mumbles to herself, and lifts her voice:

"Fan—n-ieee!" she calls. If Fannie answers her all is well. If Fannie does not answer her, Annabel Lee continues to call till she finds out where Fannie is.

More of these examples could be given to show that Annabel Lee is not merely a mimic. One further illustration will suffice to show that she approaches near the thinking condition. She has, like nearly every living creature in the world, her "fads." In the big cage in which she sleeps are several perches, some swinging, some fixed. On one of the stationary perches Annabel Lee passes her slumber hours. Near it is a swinging perch. When she is going to sleep she takes the swinging perch in her beak, draws it aside, and hooks it up on a fixed perch so that it cannot sway. She cannot sleep unless this is done.

The other night one of the male members of the family tied a piece of string to the swinging perch, and fastened it so that it could not be hauled back and hooked up. When Annabel Lee got ready to go to bed she took the perch in her beak and tugged away at it. She could not get it in its usual position. Again she tried, but it was of no avail. Surprised and alarmed, she did what she always does when there is trouble in the family.

"Fan—n-ieee!" she called. Fannie came in to see what the trouble was, and Annabel Lee grumbled away in a disgusted manner. Fannie made no effort to help her, and Annabel Lee showed a temper. The string, however, was afterward unknotted and taken away, but Annabel Lee was cautious. She had been made a fool of twice, and she did not propose to be laughed at again, for two men had roared with laughter when she failed in her attempts and began to scold. When the men pretended not to be looking, however, Annabel Lee cautiously stretched her neck and took the perch in her beak. Then she looked around to see if any scoffer was watching her. Quick as lightning, she turned again, caught the swing, pulled it up and hooked it. She was as proud as a peacock, and chuckled again and again in a way she has. When Fannie came to her again she crowed. It seemed to those who had watched this proceeding that she had shown some thinking power.

One thing more. Annabel Lee, being a lady, never swears.

FIGHTING HARD TO GET TO PARIS.

Discussing French characteristics in connection with the assassination of President Carnot reminded the traveller of an incident in his experience. He got off a railroad train at Brussels to get some refreshments, and learning from the indicator that the train did not start for twelve minutes, he carefully took note of the track on which his train stood, and went into the restaurant.

Coming out ten minutes later, he was startled to see his train moving out of the station. Breaking into a run, he dashed down the platform in pursuit, closely followed by two or three railroad employes. He had just caught a car platform and was trying to swing himself up, when his pursuers seized him, pulling him back. The American wanted to catch that train if he wanted anything in the world, but the Frenchmen were equally determined that he should not board it. They tugged at him, all shouting and gesticulating wildly, while he fought valiantly to break away from them until his train was gone. Then they released their hold of him. He was hot in the collar, and ready to fight all Europe. A moment before they had been wildly excited, and had hauled him around as if he had been a wildcat. But now they were smiling and deferential.

"What train," asked one of them in French, and making a great display of politeness, "did monsieur wish to take?"

"The train to Paris," cried the traveller, indignantly.

"Ah," said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders and making an eloquent gesture, "that train goes to Germany. The train for Paris which you wish to take starts there."

And sure enough it did, as the American saw on looking again at the track.

"Ah, monsieur," added the Frenchman, with something of pride that a foreigner should so want to get to Paris and something of commendation for one whose taste was so admirable, "how you Americans do long for Paris when you fight so valiantly to get there!"

THE MASONIC SIGN FREED HIM.

During the Civil War the Rev. Dr. Howard Henderson was Confederate Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners of war. Passing through a prison at Cahala, Ala., a prisoner gave him the Masonic sign of distress, which he recognized. A Mr. St. John had come South to obtain the body of a soldier slain in battle. He had recovered it and was en route home, when the train was captured by General Forest, and St. John sent to prison. Dr. Henderson told him if he would give his Masonic word that he would go North and secure the exchange of an old friend of his—a Mr. Sharp, a captain in the Georgia militia, or, failing, return and report himself a prisoner, he would parole him for forty days for this purpose. General C. C. Washburn, at Memphis, concurred. St. John found Captain Sharp at Camp Chase, Ohio, but the officer in command had no authority to exchange. He saw Secretary of War Stanton and failed. Finally Mr. Lincoln heard him and wrote, ordering an exchange. Captain Sharp was released and returned home.

When Dr. Henderson was stationed at Trinity Church, Cincinnati, he inquired fruitlessly for Mr. St. John, who had lived there. Being invited to preach to the Masons, he complied. St. John, seeing that a Masonic sermon was to be preached, went to the church, not suspecting he had ever seen the preacher. During the discourse Dr. Henderson told of St. John's hail of distress and what came of it. At the close St. John arose and said, "I am the man."

THE ENGAGEMENT WAS RECENT.

From The Indianapolis Journal.

He—I wonder if there is another girl in the whole wide world so sweet as my little sweetheart?

She—What's that? How dare you think of another girl? I shan't speak to you for a week.

DIDN'T WANT TO BE SHIELDED.

From The Detroit Tribune.

He took her hand gently in his.

They were affianced, and there was no kick coming on the score of conventionality.

"I will always," he murmured, "be at hand to shield thee in the great struggle of life."

She gazed earnestly into his loving eyes.

"No"——

She seemed not to be aware that he started violently upon the word.

——"I must insist upon going to bargain sales alone. You would only be in the way."

Even as she spoke her face kindled with the excitement of the fray.

Bread and cake raised with
Cleveland's Baking Powder
keep their freshness and flavor.
Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York, Successor to Cleveland Brothers.

TOPICS IN PARIS.

THE GRAND PRIX, DOLMA BAGTCHE AND HIS OWNER.

A GENERAL WHO "DID NOT KNOW IT WAS LOADED"—HONORS TO A COOK—M. DE MORDION'S PAPERS.

Paris, June 23.

The Grand Prix of 1894 will remain on record as the most exciting of these events since the inception of this race thirty years ago, when the Duc de Morny induced the City of Paris and the five great trunk lines of railroad leading into the metropolis to contribute annually a sum sufficient to guarantee a stake of $40,000 to the winner, to which must be added a portion of the gate money. All matters of national and international interest have had to give way during the last few days to the all-absorbing topic created by the race. The controversy raised by the succession to the throne of the new Sultan of Morocco, which at one moment threatened to involve the leading Powers of Europe in war, was relegated to the background. So, too, was the impending court-martial of General Edon for the shooting of young Lieutenant Schiffmacher, which at any other moment would have monopolized public attention. Everything had to give way to the Grand Prix. What rendered the event more than usually exciting was, first of all, the expectation of a full-fledged riot at Longchamps in the event of M. Ephrussi's horse, Gospodar, winning, there having been much unpleasantness of late with regard to its alleged unfair running. Then, too, there was the importation from England of Matchbox, which came in second to Lord Rosebery's Ladas at the Derby, and had been purchased at an enormous figure by Baron Hirsch and Prince Louis Esterhazy, with the object of carrying off the blue ribbon of the French turf. The most extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent any doctoring of the horse on its trip across the Channel. Special trains in England and France and a special boat to convey it across the silvery streak were provided, while a whole detachment of English detectives accompanied the animal to Calais, and even a still larger body of French police received it on landing on our shores. All this served to appeal to public imagination, especially to that of the smaller bourgeoisie, who constitute the most important part of our population here. The consequence was that as much fuss was made about the arrival of Matchbox as if he had been the Czar of Russia in person, the railroad terminus being surrounded by an immense crowd to witness his entry into Paris, and the newspapers devoting whole columns to his welcome. If ever a horse can be described as having been lionized, it was Matchbox. Inasmuch as it was, perhaps purposely, made known that most of the money of the very considerable English sporting element in Paris was placed upon the horse, he quickly became the favorite for the race. Baron Hirsch had publicly announced that in the event of the victory of his horse he would, in accordance with his invariable custom in England, turn over the entire winnings to the hospitals and charitable institutions of the city. Fortunately, the weather was magnificent and the crowd at Longchamps enormous when the race came off on Sunday afternoon. The anticipated disturbance over Gospodar did not take place, and there was consequently no necessity to call for the assistance of the large bodies of police, cavalry and infantry that were held in readiness in the neighborhood of the racecourse, and as far as possible, out of view. And when Matchbox was beaten by Baron Schickler's Dolma Bagtche, the patriotic delight at seeing the foreign-bred favorite defeated by a horse bred and reared in France was so great that all disappointment at the loss of money was offset. Baron Schickler, the owner of Dolma Bagtche is perhaps the most thoroughly Parisianized and popular of all the numerous German-born financiers whom we have here. Of course he is a Protestant, but he became naturalized a Frenchman long ago and stuck to his adopted country during the war. A quarter of a century ago he founded the well-known stud farm of Martinvast, which has turned out some of the leading cracks of France, and has now for the third time carried off the Grand Prix. Like several other great racehorse breeders in England and France, Baron Schickler never bets, takes little interest in the speculative aspect of the sport, and remains content with the stakes and the profits of breeding. His magnificent house on the Place of Vendome is one of the most hospitable in Paris, and through his daughter's marriage to one of the Comtes of Pourtales, he has become related to most of our leading families. The Grand Prix has been run without any interruption, save one, since its inauguration by the Duc de Morny in 1863. It was even run during the fateful year of 1870, just before the war broke out, being one of the last occasions on which Napoleon III was seen in public here. The following summer beheld the racecourse ploughed by the shells and swept by the bullets of the Communist and Versailles combatants; but in 1872 the race was run once more, just as well attended as ever and with this difference—that little President Thiers had taken the place of Napoleon in the stand reserved for the Chief of the State. It was observed that he was careful to avoid seating himself in the imperial chair, as, being a very superstitious man, like all French bourgeois, he doubtless considered it to be unlucky.

No such court-martial as that organized to try General Edon has been assembled since the one presided over by the Duc d'Aumale twenty years ago, which concluded its proceedings by condemning Marshal Bazaine to degradation and death for his surrender of Metz. Very different, fortunately, will be the fate of General Edon, who at the very worst cannot be punished by more than a fine and arrest for his almost criminal negligence at Vincennes the other day. He was inspecting a regiment of infantry, and having become interested in an account of the prowesses of Lieutenant Schiffmacher with his revolver at the ranges, he asked to see the weapon. The latter, in defiance of the regulations on the subject, had several of its chambers loaded. The General began trying the mechanism, snapping the hammer. The Lieutenant hesitated a moment, being unwilling to incur the penalty of carrying a loaded revolver, but finally, alarmed beyond measure, exclaimed "For heaven's sake, General, the pistol's loaded!" Unfortunately, the General, who is very deaf and who ought to have been placed on the retired list a long time ago on that account, did not hear, and two seconds later one of the cartridges exploded, the bullet lodging in the abdomen of the Lieutenant, who subsequently died, leaving a widowed mother who had lost her husband on the field of battle in the war of 1870. Being a general of division, the perpetrator of the shooting ought by rights to be tried by a court-martial composed in the main of generals commanding army corps and presided over by a field marshal. The only officer of the latter rank in the French army, however, is poor old Canrobert, now so infirm through age and malady as to be totally incapable of undertaking any such function. The court will, therefore, be presided over by one of the five inspectors-general of the army, either Galliffet, Coiffé, de Cools, Billot or the Duc Davout, who, to all intents and purposes, hold the rank though they do not bear the name of marshal. They are already designated to assume in the event of war the command of the five great armies of France under the supreme direction of the generalissimo, General Saussier, now Governor of Paris.

Culinary pre-eminence having long been one of the national glories of France, which is far ahead of every other country in everything pertaining to gastronomy, it is only fitting that the Municipal Council of Paris should pay a tribute to the most famous of all Gallic cooks by naming one of its principal thoroughfares after Antoine Carême. The street in question is that which passes through the metropolitan market, and it seems particularly appropriate that, located as it is in the very centre of what Zola so happily describes as the "Ventre de Paris," it should be called after the renowned chef of Talleyrand, who subsequently directed the kitchens of King George IV of England, of Emperor Alexander of Russia and finally those of the Baron de Rothschild, in whose service he died. The dedication of the street on Thursday next will be followed by a grand banquet, which will take place under the auspices of the National Academy of Cookery, composed of the foremost French chefs, and the culinary counterpart of what the National Academy is to art and literature. The societies of the master confectioners, poulterers, patissiers and bakers and of charcutiers are also to take part therein, and after the banquet, will come a ball at which are to figure the well-known and characteristically Parisian marketwomen, who have played so prominent a part in all the great popular risings and who go by the name of the "Dames de la Halle," possibly to distinguish them from the "femmes du monde."

It is only the interest excited by the Grand Prix that has prevented people from paying more attention to the action of the Government in seizing the papers and sealing up the doors of the apartments occupied by the once famous M. de Mondion, who died last week in the Avenue Victor Hugo, a street so dear to Americans. M. de Mondion played a prominent part in European affairs at the time of the Boulanger episode, and received from "le Brav' General" large sums of secret service money for work which, though destined to serve his country, can only be described as dirty in the extreme. Thus, during the trial of Boulanger by the High Court in 1889, M. de Mondion deposed under oath that he had received from the General a sum of 30,000 francs for abstracting important documents during the night from the apartments of the military attaché of an embassy at Paris of a Power inimical to France. The papers in question he declared to have been hastily photographed and then restored. He was likewise the principal author of that remarkable correspondence alleged to have passed between Prince Bismarck, the Court of Belgium, that of Bucharest, and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, with regard to the position of Prince Ferdinand. M. de Mondion claimed that the correspondence was authentic, that he had obtained photographic copies thereof while in the service of the Prince de Chimay, Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose private secretary he was for a time. At any rate, it was these photographic copies that were shown by Princess Marie of Chartres-Orleans, the wife of Prince Waldemar of Denmark, to the Czar when at Copenhagen, with the object of promoting the Franco-Russian alliance and estranging Alexander from his German relatives. Bismarck was subsequently able to convince the Czar that the correspondence was a series of clever forgeries, and ever since the affair has been officially known as "The Forged Letter Incident." The best that can be said of M. de Mondion is that he was a well-born adventurer with a taste for intrigue similar to that which led the still mysterious Regnier to constitute himself the emissary of Empress Eugenie to the beleaguered army at Metz in 1870.

A NEW NAUTICAL VOCABULARY.

ADDITIONS MADE BY YOUNG WOMEN FROM "FRESH WATER" REGIONS.

The yachtsman's vocabulary is a language in itself, and the landsman often runs afoul of it. He doesn't see why one rope should be called a sheet, another a halyard, a third a downhaul and a fourth a clewline. One boat-owner, whose hospitable deck is trodden by many of his friends, has modified his terms to conform with the suggestions or mistakes of his guests who are not expert sailors.

For instance, one landlubber who had gone below for a drink of water, was asked what he had done with the cup.

"I hung it on the post," he said, innocently.

Every one roared at the idea that he could be so "green" as not to know what the mast was called, but on that yacht the mast is now known as "the post."

A pretty girl from a "fresh water" district was responsible for another nautical word. The strips of canvas used in tying up the sails are called stops. Some one wanted the stops and could not find them for the instant.

"What are you looking for?" asked the young woman.

"I am looking for the stops. They were here a little while ago."

"The stops? Oh, you mean the tapes. They're under this rug."

And now the sails are bound with "tapes."

Another young woman from an interior State had read enough nautical stories to have caught a few phrases here and there. For one thing, she knew that "hard tack" was a staple article of diet at sea. On a visit to the East this damsel went sailing. She was anxious to learn, and when she heard the man at the wheel say "hard a lee," she asked some questions, and found out what it meant.

A little later the steersman said the yacht was going about. Some of the guests were paying no attention, and seemed in danger of being struck by the boom as it swept over to the other side of the yacht.

"Hard tack! hard tack!" cried out the young woman, excitedly.

All managed to duck their heads in time to escape the spar, if they didn't know what the maiden meant by "hard tack," and another joke was added to the yacht's store of them.

A NEW EXCUSE FOR THE CLUBMAN.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

When a man wakes up in the morning with a "head" he usually ascribes it to the conversation or the soup at the dinner party the night before. But, according to M. Joal, a most learned French specialist, nearly all the headaches from which people suffer on the morning after any social function are a direct result of the odors of the floral decorations. We hasten to accept the theory. M. Joal's book is called "Le Danger des Fleurs," and is very grewsome reading. According to the author, most of the ills that trouble mortal man arise because he will have flowers in his house and, above all, will smell them. The effect of flowers on the voices of singers is simply deadly, and if you wanted to take away any one's voice you couldn't do better than give them an elegant bouquet. M. Joal has known soldiers fall ill when they passed a garden where grew the simple peony, brides who fainted at the altar because of the orange blossoms which adorned their costume, and star singers at the opera who fainted when they entered the greenroom because a bunch of violets reposed on a table. Let us at once pluck out the deadly evil from our midst. In fact, it would be as well to pass a law making it criminal to grow flowers. For, it appears, the Anarchist with his bomb is less to be feared than the flower-girl with her "Penny a bunch."

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